HELP SEND THIS MAGAZINE TO CAMP!

(WE NEED THE AIRING-OUT)

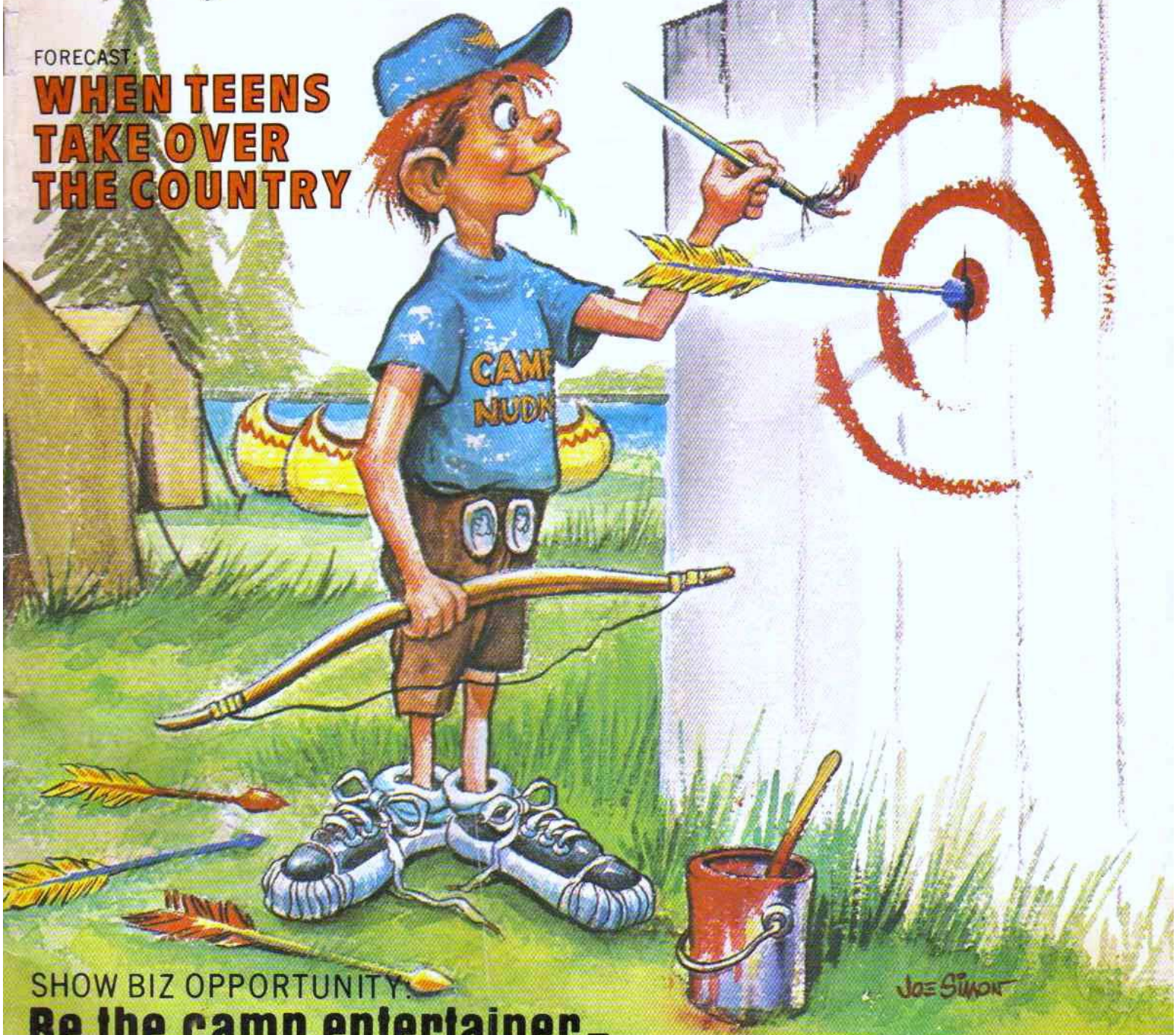
MAC

AUGUST
No. 69

SICK

35¢

FORECAST:
WHEN TEENS TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY



SHOW BIZ OPPORTUNITY!
Be the camp entertainer–
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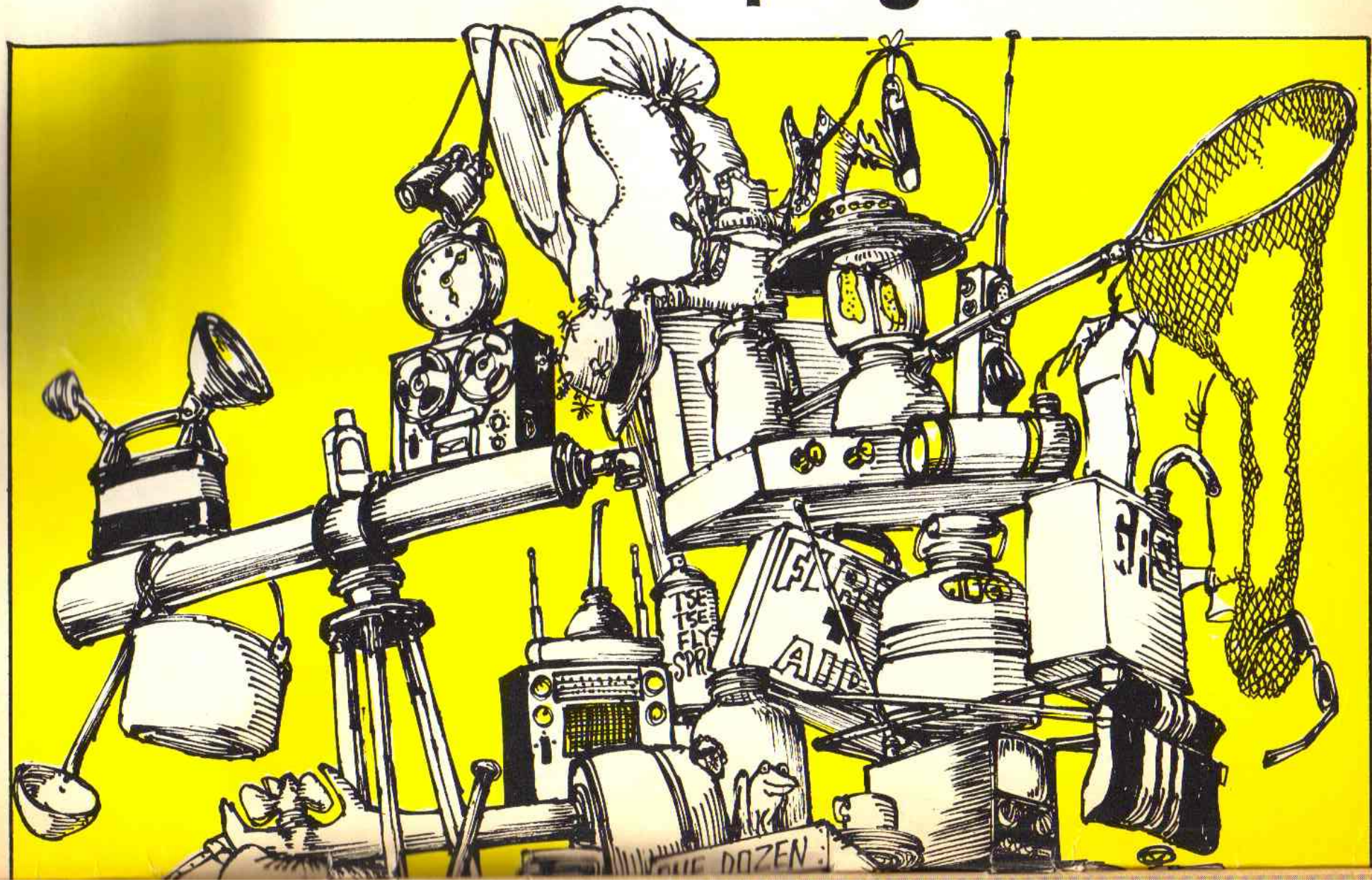
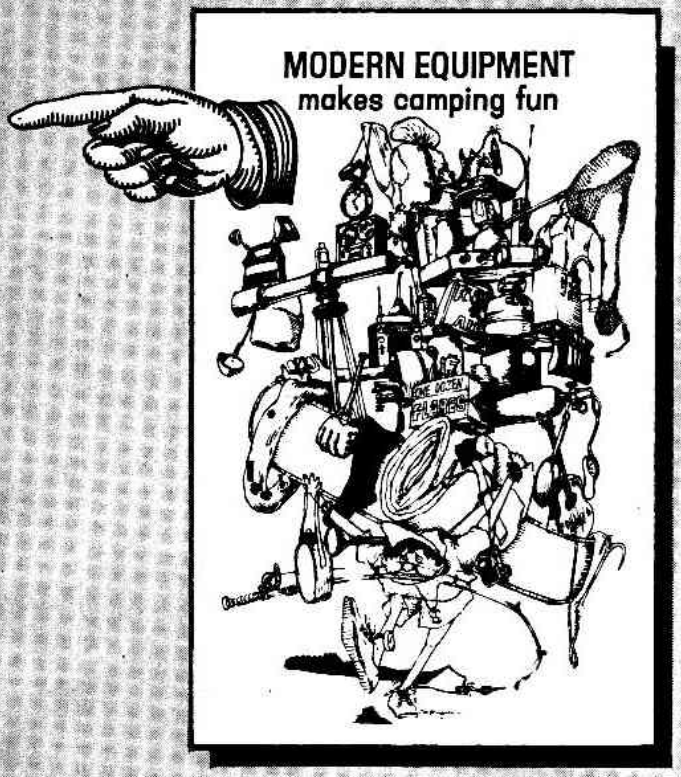
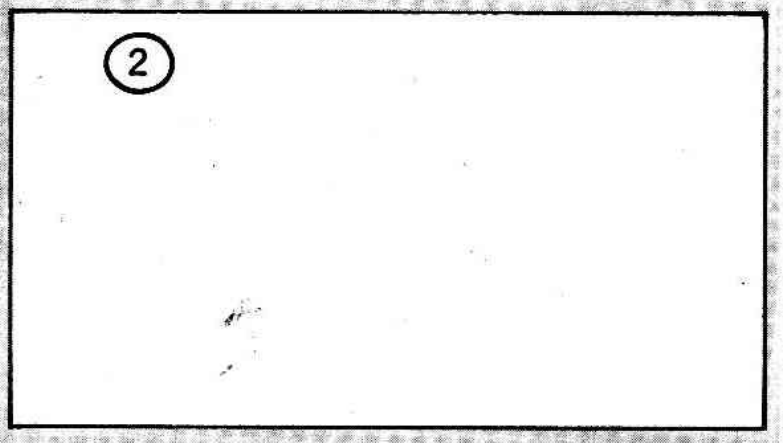
MODERN EQUIPMENT
makes camping fun



A SICK hang-up



Post-Hydrogen Bomb joke:



SICK

No. 69
Volume 9
Number 5
August, 1969

WINTERS IN SUMMER CAMP (page 13)

THE OFFICIAL DIPLOMATIC LIMOUSINE

IF TEENS RAN COUNTRY (page 28)

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Printed in the U.S.A.

Script by Fred Wolfe

NEWS BRIEFS

LOS ANGELES
A neighborhood in Watts is so tough, that nobody even bothers to ask you what time it is — they just take your watch.

CHICAGO
Mayor Daley will appear on a new t.v. show called: "Mace The Nation!" He is also scheduled to appear on "Beat The Press!"

THE CONGO
There's a new outfit around called the "Hair Institute of Africa." They can't grow you more hair, but they can shrink your head to fit the hair you've got!

WASHINGTON
Taxes are getting so high, about all a guy can put away for a rainy day is a pair of dry socks.

SAN FRANCISCO
Sign in a Haight Ashbury park: "Keep off the grass — it may grow up to be a good smoke!"

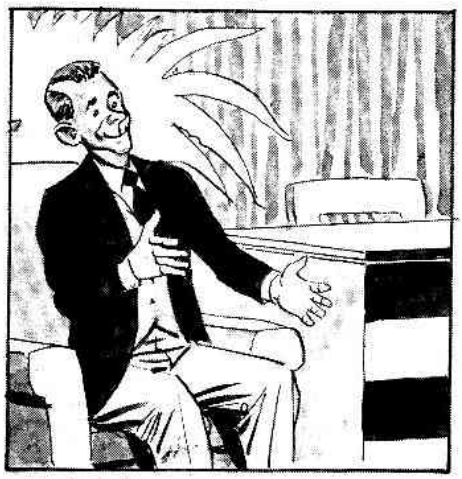
HOLLYWOOD
Plot of a new science-fiction picture: A plane heads for Miami, and actually lands there!

CLEVELAND
In a riot-torn area, a guy walked into a men's clothing store and asked to see the best suit in the place. The owner brought him the finest garment he had and assured his customer that this suit was one-of-a-kind and made of the most expensive imported material. After trying it on, the customer agreed that this was the finest suit he had ever seen. The happy owner asked him: "Will you pay cash or charge?" And the guy replied: "Neither—just put it in the outside window next Saturday night."

NEW YORK
Mission Impossible! Over at "Operation Matchmaker," a computer blew its tube, trying to line up a date for Tiny Tim.

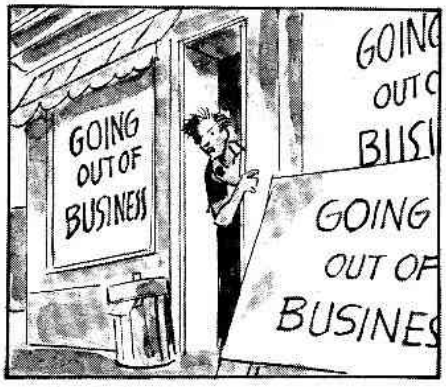
CAPE TOWN
The latest transplant love song: "Liver Come Back To Me!"

MADISON AVENUE
Everybody's a critic! Six "T.V. Dinners" were recently canceled, because a grocer gave them a low rating!



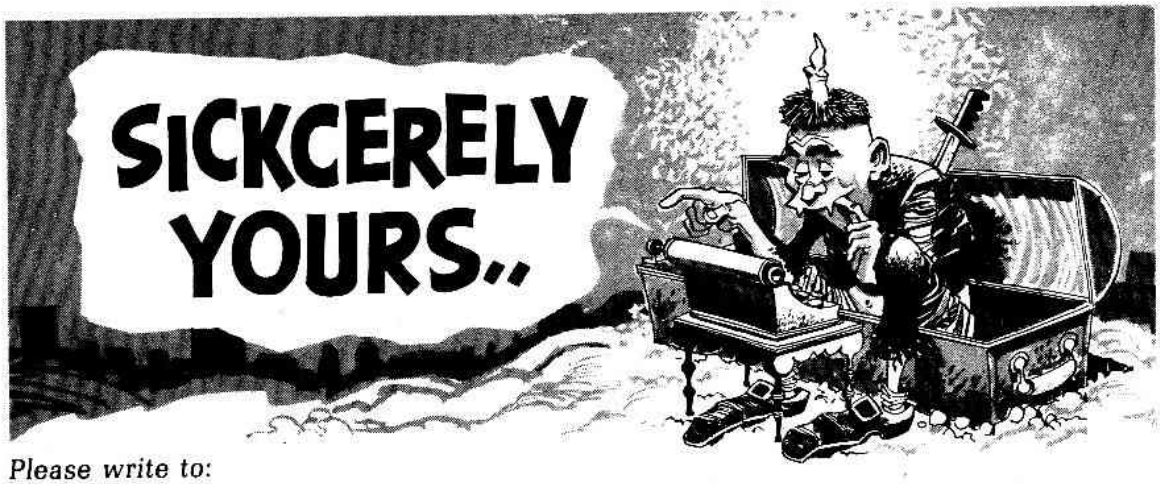
Flash! They recently had a surprise guest on the Johnny Carson show—Johnny Carson!

WALL STREET
The price of silver has gone up drastically, but the Lone Ranger still refuses to sell.



BROADWAY
Sign in a small store: "This year's 'going-out-of business' sale is even better than last year's!"

(continued on page 8)



Please write to:
Sick Magazine
444 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10022

I took the "New Stupidity Exam" (June issue) and passed. What do I do now?

Charles Wilfrenz
Omaha, Neb.

Ed: Subscribe to SICK.

I had a friend give me your stupidity exam so that I couldn't read the answers, and do you know what? I flunked. I really thought the answers were very difficult. Do you think there's any hope for me?

Alice Proctor
Albuquerque, N.M.

Ed: Yes. Next time, cheat.

In your college stupidity exams, you mentioned a name for a rock group, namely "The Flowering Idiots." It so happens that we have a rock group with a title that is a drag and we would like to change it. When we do change it, it will not be "The Flowering Idiots," rest assured.

Fritz Piersons
Springfield, Ohio

Ed: Smart move, Fritz.

Lately my brother has been buying your sick magazine, so I've been reading it. It is such a sick, stupid magazine that I like it. In your March edition you mocked out Tiny Tim, but you also cracked some jokes about Mod Squad. Mod Squad is a very good show. If you keep on mocking Mod Squad like you are doing now, then I will start reading "Laugh-In" magazine.

Nancy DeMario
Milton, N.J.

Ed: You wouldn't!

In "The Allen Jurke Show," it was stated that Americus Vespucci discovered America. That myth has been exploded recently. It has been proven that the Vikings discovered America. Where do you get your historical information, anyway?

Kurt Jurgensen
Minneapolis, Minn.

Ed: Frank Sinatra told us it was Americus.

Don't you clods know that the Chinese discovered America?

Phil Fong
Huntington, N.Y.

Ed: Sinatra said it was Americus.

History proves your "Allen Jurke Show" was incorrect, I'm sorry to say. Queen Isabella never threw a party for the crew in her flat. In fact, she never had a flat, although she really thought the world was. Did you know that there is a group right here in the U.S. that still claims the world is flat? Actually, science says the world is shaped like an egg. What do you think now?

Everett Barclay
Houston, Texas

Ed: We think it's square.

You should do more articles like "The Allen Jurke Show." Both the artist and writer captured Allen perfectly. How come no bylines?

Jack Sparling and
Bill Majeski

Ed: The artist was Jack Sparling. The writer Bill Majeski. Finks!

"Inflationery TV Ads" was a riot but how would you like to pay for all that Schaefers? The total cost (in Penn) would be around $17,075,941,719.40. Just thought I'd tell you because that's a lot of money.

Fred Marsh
Harveys Lake, Pa.

Ed: That's a lot of beer.

What would you say if I said your magazine was retarded, rejected, sick and not very funny. I did like your "Class Voting" because it gave my cousin a good idea for our newspaper. And tell Steve Kemp (March issue) that I'm not his prisoner and that I'm not going to send him nickels, dimes, dollars, etc.

Daffney Drew
Melbourne, Fla.

Ed: Tell him yourself.

I was going through past issues and read the letter from the Hell's Angel (Nov. '68). Was it a real letter? It was a lousy letter to put in your mag. I'm holding back my address so that I won't get clobbered. I'm in a gang and if you don't print this, we'll pelt you with thorny roses. Love and peace.

Grassy and The Razor
Pennington, N.C.

Ed: That's what we like. Classy readers.

Where can I buy the fashions in "What To Wear" in your June issue? I am particularly interested in the Zoot Suit look that was popular just before World War II. Did you know that Tony Curtis was a zoot suitor?

Phyllis Anderson
Brooklyn

Ed: He still is.

I know that the fashion feature in your June issue was a put-on, but artist Don Orehek had some very good designs and ideas there. I incorporated some of his styles into a costume which I am now wearing to the admiration of my friends. When I grow the "Jack The Ripper" mustache, my outfit will be complete.

Morgan Androlio
Baton Rouge, La.

Ed: Yech!

You asked for more opinions on Philip Mayson's letter. He said that hippies were dying out until you started publicizing them, and hippies are ruining our generation. At least hippies are keeping squares from taking over.

If you want to see something filthy and rotten, don't look at hippies, look at the Vietnam war.

Hippies will never die out, there'll always be a few who are hippies at heart and I'm proud to say I'm one of them. I invite anyone's opinion who cares to write.

Helen Perry
Palestine, Texas

Your article, "New Drugs for Hippies" was disgusting. What have you got against hippies?

Allan Cave
Red Deer, Alberta, Canada

Ed: Didn't we tell you in that disgusting article?

You had an article in No. 64 about a school of rioters. It was so funny looking I didn't want to read it. I'll read it later.

Levi Smith
Nashville, Tenn.

Ed: Don't read it. You'll be disappointed.

I think the guy that wrote about the hippies is right. The hippies are a bunch of lazy punks that want to get out of a little work. If newspapers, radios and magazines would leave them alone, they would die out. All that the punks want to do is get in the news.

R.B.
Bristol, Tenn.

Ed: You did it again, R.B.

The cover of the June issue was wild. I recognized most of the characters being driven out of town by the garbage truck, but one character mystifies me. Who was the chubby guy above Phyllis Diller?

John Carnelli
New York

Ed: We don't know, but you can write to him care of the city dumps.

Anyone who saw the TV show "Turn On," please tell me what happened on it. This show was cancelled and I'd like to know why.

Walter Kosiba, Jr.
P.O. Box 25
Uxbridge, Mass. 01569

Ed: How did this letter get in here?

TRAVEL NOTES

Airlines in New York are experiencing their worst jam-ups in history. When you see planes circling overhead in the Metropolitan New York area it means they are waiting for clearance to land—in Houston.

A week ago one of the airport controllers saw something very strange on radar screen—a clear spot. No one could identify it. So four Army planes were sent up to investigate.

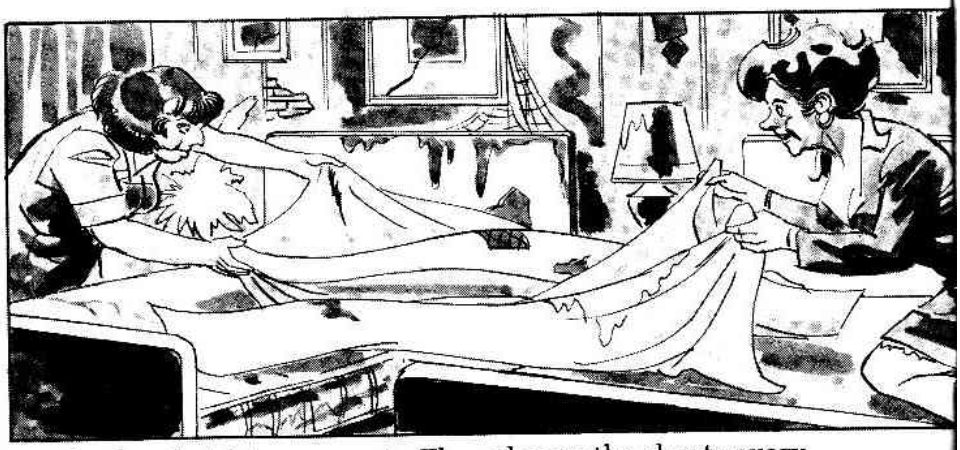
One rich college boy can't quite make the break. Whenever he takes LSD trips he uses Dad's credit cards.

THE OZARKS
A hill billy cleaned his shotgun on the front porch, and the very next day his daughter received ten marriage proposals!

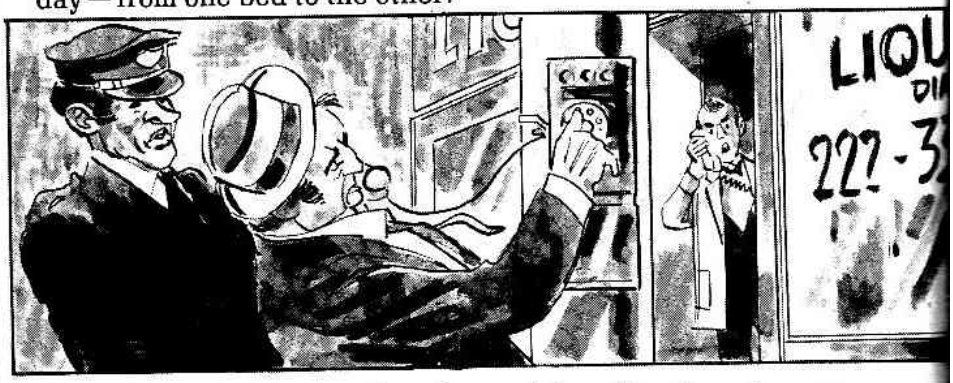
MADISON AVENUE
Television will never replace newspapers. No housewife can wrap garbage in a twenty-three inch screen!

LAS VEGAS
A cop stopped a fellow who was walking down the street clad only in a barrel and asked him: "Are you a poker player?" "No", he replied, "but I just left two guys who were."

THE BOWERY



A leading hotel is very neat. They change the sheets every day—from one bed to the other!

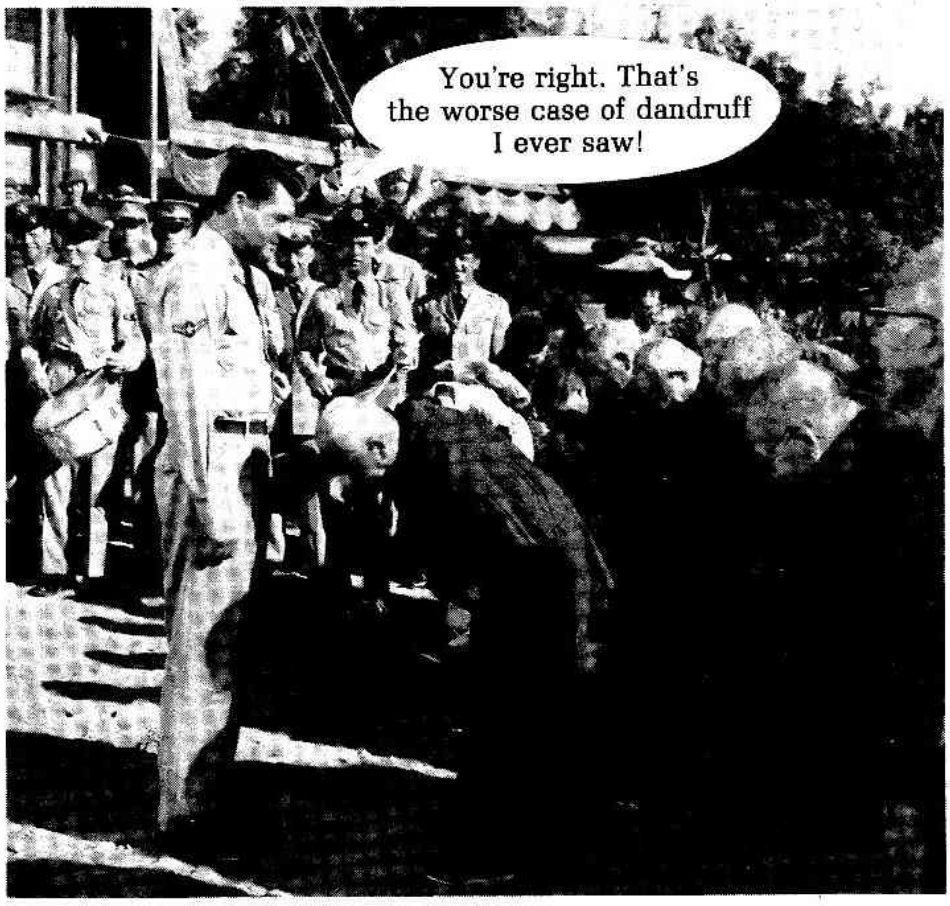


The cops arrested a drunk and gave him a dime to make one call, and he called the liquor store.

A drunk staggered up to a door in an office building and asked: "Is this Alcoholics Anonymous?" The fellow who opened the door said: "Yes, would you like to join our organization?" And the drunk replied: "No, I want to resign!"

So many winos and lushes donate their blood to pick up a few bucks, that the doctors are hard-pressed to find a pint that doesn't have foam or a head on it!

justinmarx@archive.org



Stale News FLASHES

by Bill Majeski

SCIENCE

Remember all those sheep that died recently in Colorado? They tried to blame the Army's gas testing center. But it turns out now that the sheep were killed because of an explosion in the Katy Winters deodorant testing ground.

SCHOOL DAYS

The kids at Columbia are really in style—and they never lose their class. One protester was seen wearing ivy-covered beads and a button-down sari.

And the girls are something else. One swinging freedom-loving girl wore a drip-dry maternity sweatshirt.

But one thing must be admitted. The kids of Columbia do look up to their teachers. They had to. They had them strung up to a fourth floor window.

When the police moved in and started cleaning up, action stopped suddenly when an announcement blared over the loud speaker: "Halt. We charge police brutality. Police brutality! This is a recorded announcement."

Does anyone remember when people thought panty raids were bad? The most memorable panty raid was in Columbia. The football team was involved. How those little coeds got those panties off the big football players we'll never know.

POLITICS

Elections for president are held every Leap Year. And it's no accident. It gives the candidates an extra day to lie to the people.

HEALTH

Everybody is jogging for health these days, but it can cause panic. Jackie Gleason jogged in Central Park and it registered on the seismograph at Fordham University.

MOVIES WE FORGOT ALREADY... by Bill Majeski

THE PARTY

Whenever you think of Peter Sellers at a party, you figure you're in for a wild fun-filled time. However, Peter Sellers in United Artists' "The Party," is the wrong guest at the wrong wing-ding. It probably would have been better if they all spent their time bobbing for olives in gin-filled bathtubs. Come to think of it, that's probably how the picture got made in the first place.

"The Party" has just about what you'd expect at any wild gathering—an elephant, swimming pool hi-jinks (and several low-jinks), pretty girls, soap bubbles, pretty girls in soap bubbles and party favors, including the prettiest favor of them all—cute Claudine Longet. Otherwise, UA could have done us the biggest favor possible by not releasing the film. You get the feeling that Peter Sellers wouldn't have been too angry at that possibility either.

The picture runs 1 hour, 39 minutes. It just seems longer.

1—In this film, Peter Sellers plays a bumbling detective...no, he plays a dippy psychiatrist...no, he plays a sappy thief...no...here it is...he plays an Indian actor, Hrundi Bakshi, who imitates Peter Sellers playing a bumbling, dippy, sappy performer who comes to Hollywood to blow his bugle in a sequel called "Son of Gunga Din." That film is based on an old Calcutta legend about an Indian who returned home and lost his house key. So he asked: "How'm I Gunga Din?"

2—Sellers fails in Hollywood because he flops as an Indian bugler. He came down with a bad case of athlete's lips and wore his mouth in traction. Actually, he never wanted to be a bugler. It was just something to do to keep his lips in shape between gigolo assignments in Senior City. However, Sellers through an oversight (left over from his last picture), gets invited to the party and he attempts to make the most of the opportunity—played by Claudine Longet, seen above.

3—As at all parties, you meet a goodly share of wierdos. One of the neatest wierdos is shown above, Wyoming Bill Kelso, who is behind the eight-ball, as always. The miniature suction dart is on his forehead because his mother was frightened by a runaway midget plumber's helper. Other oddball types at the party included the world's oldest whip salesman; a touring, mixed yodeling catch-as-catch-can tag wrestling team; a sedate young business executive who backs into the shish-ke-bab and is instantly transformed into a pole-less vaulter.

4—These are Hollywood-type tycoons and moguls and tycoon and mogul wives. The guy on the right is drinking wine. He is Mogul David. The woman on the left is drinking Sploozie, a new concoction which makes you feel as if you're riding a merry-go-round naked and leaning to the left...which is what she did right after the picture was taken. The guests now begin to get tipsy, much to the envy of the audience.

6—You may think this is just another drenched damsel who fell into the pool. Wrong. It's a pretty girl wearing a new wrinkle in feminine trickery—it's a pre-soaked negligee, designed to cling and show off all the moves and lines. It's known as the H2O Boy! It retails for $99.95, slightly higher west of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Anyway, this sobbing sweetie is Peter Sellers' target for the evening and he zeroes in, wet or not. First of all, he has to overcome his rival, the playboy shown above, who tries to convince Claudine to visit his navel stone farm in the Corn Belt.

5—Well, it had to happen, right? You get an elephant drunk and pretty soon he's leading the guests into the pool. They shouldn't be allowed to serve booze to pachyderms. Everyone knows that if you give an elephant two drinks right away he thinks he's Tarzan. And they look pretty silly in leopard skin suits. Not only that, think how mad Jane gets.

I'm telling you, kid, this is our room. Ask the desk clerk.
He's right, sonny. See, my coat of arms is embossed on the mattress.
Get out before I blast you with my zap gun and render you sterile.

7—Clutching her towel closely about her, Claudine begins to dry off. Wrapped snuggly in his robe, (designed by Terry Cloth) Peter makes his big pitch for Claudine. The boy with the ray gun is chaperone. He also serves as official scorer. He gave the picture one star; gave Sellers two stars, and gave Claudine three kisses and a furtive hug. In the film everyone ends up soaked with water. It's an ironic note because by this time it's the audience who needs the chaser.

Here's how to be the camp entertainer . . . By organizing your own theatrical troupe, you can produce, direct and even star in this professional comedy routine by Bill Majeski who writes for some of the nations top comics . . .

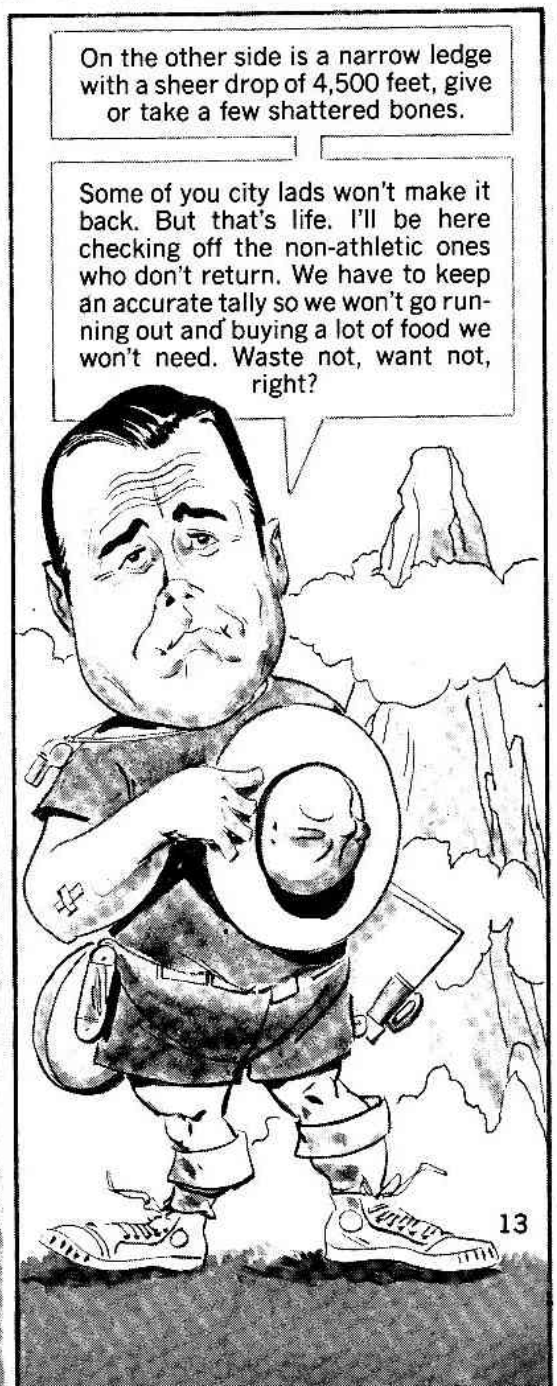
THE SUMMER CAMP COUNSELOR

Every year the posters come out in cities throughout the country—Send a Boy To Camp. And many social groups are doing just that. Very often they send entire teams, or as they are known more familiarly—gangs—up into the country to commune with Mother Nature and, quite possibly, the girls in the camp across the river. Many outstanding Americans started as camp counselors. But we wonder how things would go if a man like Jonathan Winters were in charge of these wayward lads.

Script by Bill Majeski

Art by Jack Sparling

Hi, fellows, welcome to Camp Quandary. You boys know why you're here. You've had brushes with the law. That's okay. That's why they put electric in chairs.
Now, lads, physical fitness and togetherness is our bag. Tomorrow morning we will take a 26-mile hike up and around Bald-Faced Mountain there.


On the other side is a narrow ledge with a sheer drop of 4,500 feet, give or take a few shattered bones.
Some of you city lads won't make it back. But that's life. I'll be here checking off the non-athletic ones who don't return. We have to keep an accurate tally so we won't go running out and buying a lot of food we won't need. Waste not, want not, right?

Tomorrow I'll appoint a detail to shingle my shack and paper my den. Idle hands make zipguns, I always say. Ooops, no fighting, boys.

Sorry, didn't mean to belt you so hard. Don't want to become a symbol of authority and have you resent me. You other fellows, prop those clowns against a tree. Make 'em look like they're listening in case the chief comes by.

According to my roster, we have four of the toughest city gangs right here. The Scorpions—who are leading the league, having won 28 rumbles and lost only 4; the Tenacious Butterflies, the Bronx Poltroons and the Brooklyn Clubbers, who recently received a franchise.

You, put down that girl! Miss, how did you get here? Never mind, just stand over there against that cabin. I'll talk to you later.

Now it's first aid time. Do any of you know how to put on a tourniquet to stop the flow of blood? You do? Fine. Try it on the fellow next to you. What? You're going to hit him to make him bleed? Okay, realism is important.

Take the handkerchief. Tighten it. No, not around the neck, dummy. No violence.
Forgive me, I came from a broken home.
I'm sorry.
That's okay—I broke it myself.
Don't encourage him with your laughter. Oh yes, a word about tomorrow's raft-testing. Which of you can swim?
You stand there. Now the rest of you—those of you who can't swim—will test the raft. That's Camp Quandary's sudden death method of swim instruction. Why waste those long weeks learning the basics?
Ooops, stop it. Not with a blackjack. See? You broke your blackjack. Let me give you some advice. When you buy a blackjack, spend a little more and get a good one. A cheap one lasts three or four victims and it's gone. Spend a little more and you get one that lasts a lifetime.
What's that, miss? The boy isn't moving. Let's see. Yes, I guess that hit was a hard one. Well, that's one less for breakfast.

By the way, men, before you're dismissed I want to caution you about rumors and gossip. Just today a member of the Scorpions said the Bronx Poltroons were ballet dancers, and the Clubbers whispered that the Tenacious Butterflies would all grow up to be interior decorators.

Hi, baby. What say we split? I know a joint in the village where we can swing. Now that the city's safe from these clowns we can go wild.

That's the trouble with kids today. They just don't understand grown-ups...

FOR VACATIONERS WHO PREFER THE EXOTIC LANDSCAPES OF FAR-AWAY PLACES, CONSIDER THE BROCHURE DISTRIBUTED BY THE SOVIET TRAVEL BUREAU...

RUSSIAN BOYS' CAMP

SEND YOUR BOY TO CAMP COMRADE

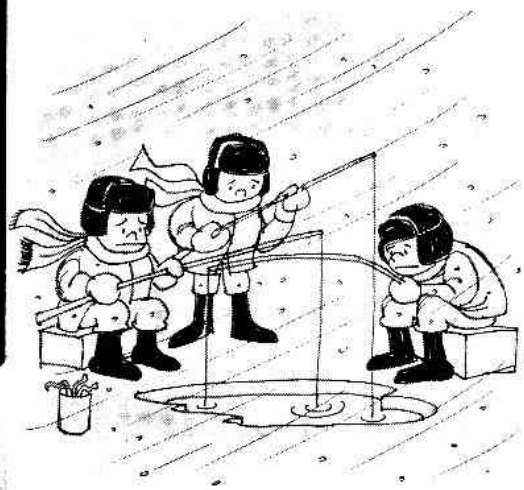
CONVENIENTLY LOCATED just 16,000 miles from Moscow. Can be reached by dog sled or on foot.

CAMP COMRADE IS COMPLETELY PROTECTED. Armed guards patrol day and night to keep out wolves and bears (and also to keep your boy from escaping).

CAMP COMRADE HAS EVERYTHING

Indoor Swimming pool

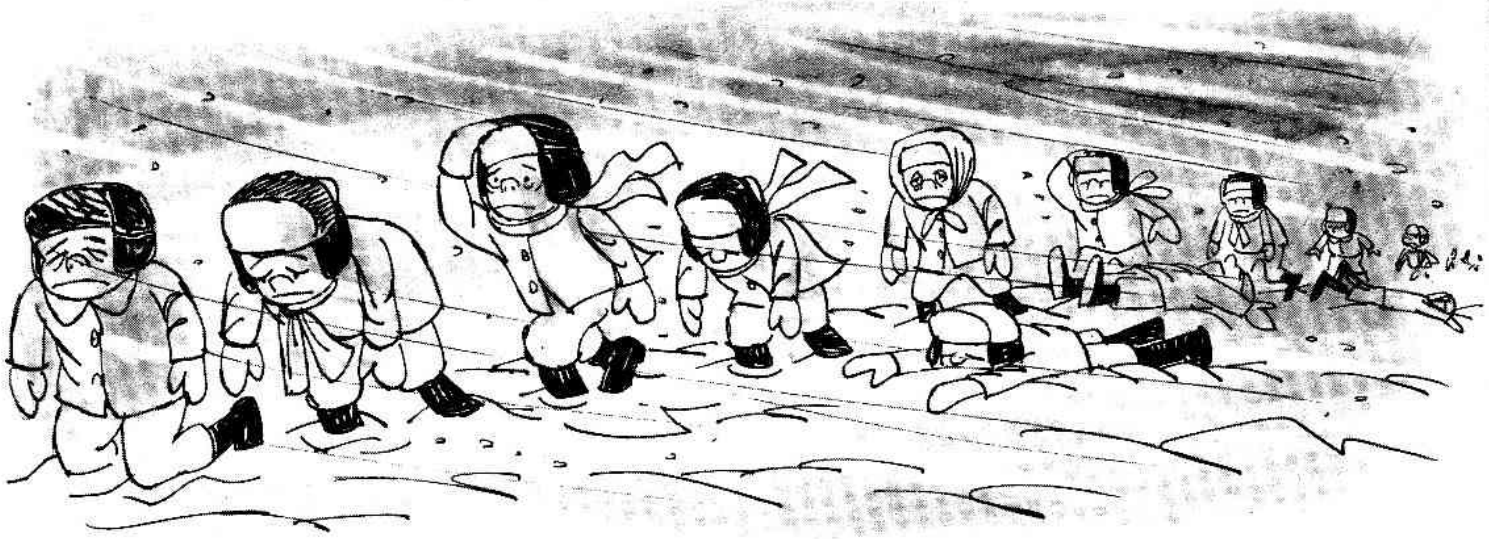
Modern plumbing



Fishing

Canteen

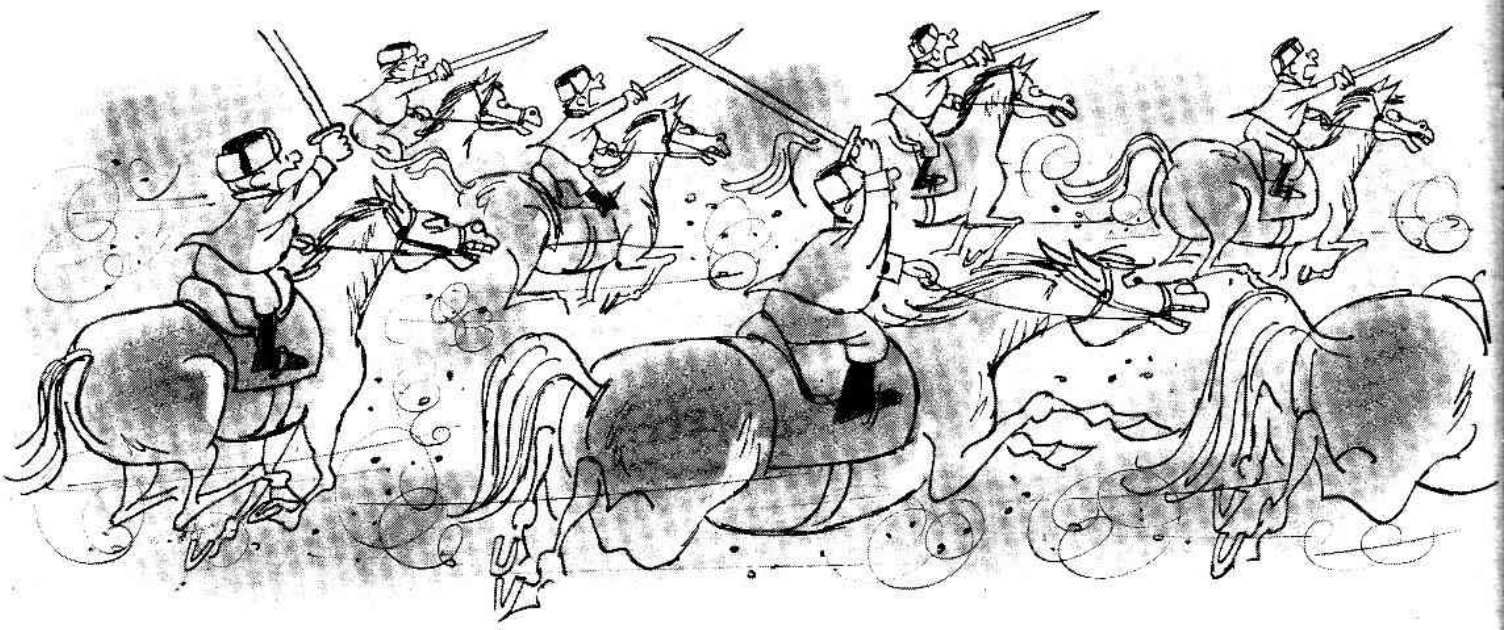
Art by Al Kaufman
Script by Bob Heit



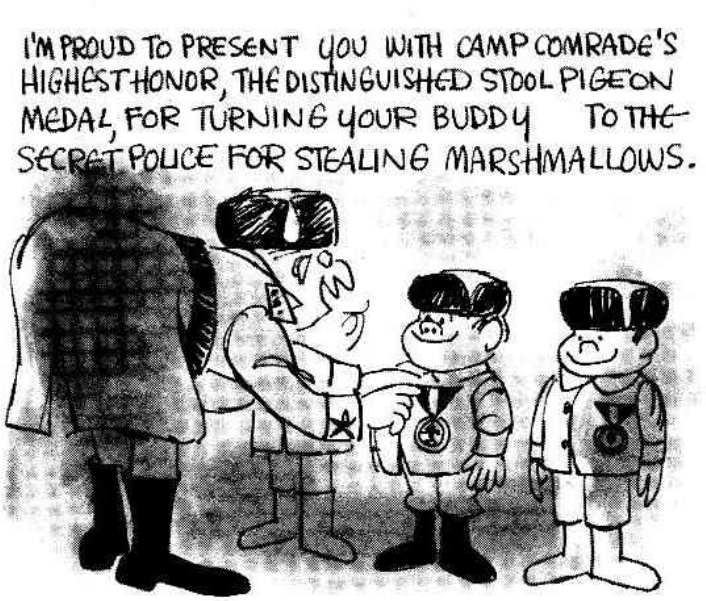
Overnight hikes

Nature studies

Court of law on the premises



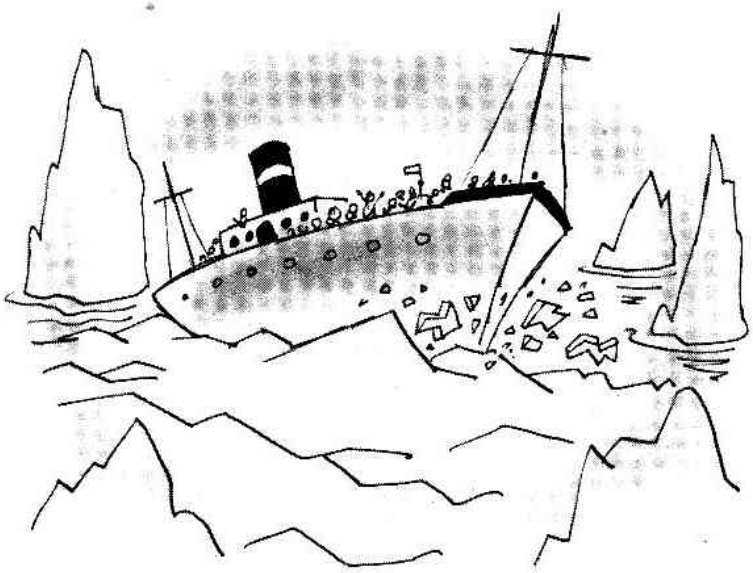
Horse-back riding


I'M PROUD TO PRESENT YOU WITH CAMP COMRADE'S HIGHEST HONOR, THE DISTINGUISHED STOOL PIGEON MEDAL, FOR TURNING YOUR BUDDY TO THE SECRET POLICE FOR STEALING MARSHMALLOWS.

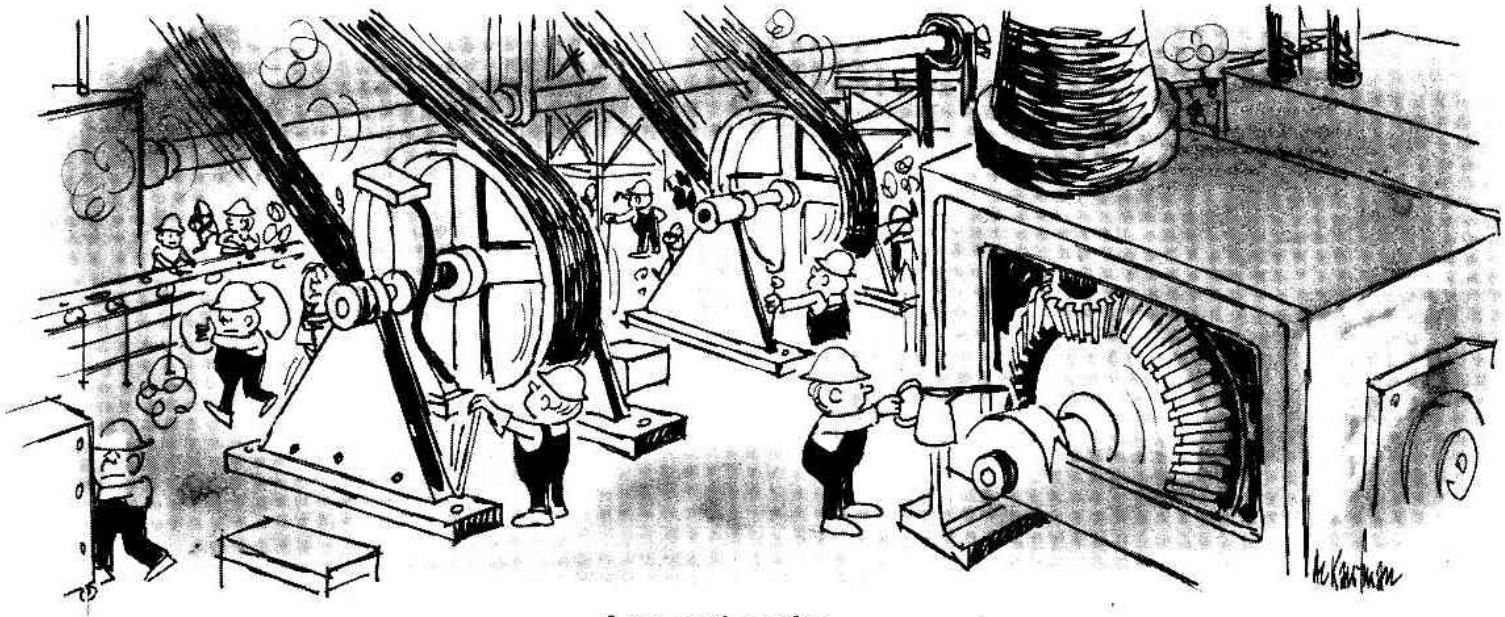
Medals awarded for acts of patriotism

Resident physician

Community singing



Boating on our lovely lake



Arts and crafts

SUMMER SNAPSHOTS

No matter which camp you go to this summer, you're bound to run into certain types of kids. You saw them all last year. You're going to see them again this year. There's only one way to escape them. **STAY HOME!**

TYPICAL CAMP TYPES

MELVIN GOOBER

Melvin's a skinny, delicate kid who can't do anything. He can't swim, he can't catch a baseball, he can't hold a basketball, it's too heavy. He's also afraid of the dark and has to sleep with the lights on.

He usually is given a nickname like "Muscles" Goober.

Art by Al Bare
Script by Bob Heit

BRIGETTE DROOL

Brigette's the prettiest girl at camp. But no one can get near her because she's going steady with a boy back home.

When the guy comes up to see her it turns out he looks like SICK's cover boy!

AMANDA GOOK

Amanda is the camp Do-Gooder. She's always giving everyone free advice, trying to teach the boys to dance, even when they don't want to learn, and always talking about camp spirit.

Everyone hates her. When she grows up she's going to be a social worker.

WILLY CRAG

Willy's the top athlete in camp. Star baseball player, star basketball player, and a whiz at track, tennis, and swimming.

But he's so dumb that the rest of the campers have to help him tie his shoe-laces, write letters home, and find his way to the mess hall.

SERENA WORTHINGTON

Serena is the camp snob. She'll have nothing to do with anyone because her mother mingles with society and her father works on Wall Street.

You'll find out afterward that her mother is a Park Avenue laundress, and her father has a hot dog cart.

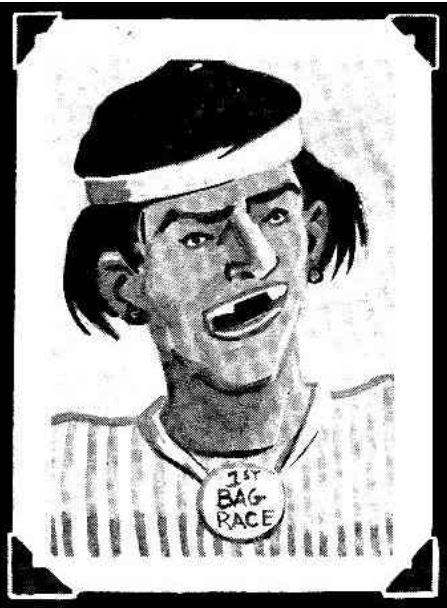
IRVING SNOOG

Irving is always talking about his conquests. According to him, every girl in his neighborhood has been chasing him.

For some reason no girl at camp would be seen dead with him.

GIMPY GLUMP

Gimpy always has an excuse for everything. He can't play baseball because he has a bum leg. He can't play handball because he has a bum arm. He can't go swimming because he has a post-nasal drip. In fact he is a post-nasal drip!



BETTY MAE GOOGLE

Betty plays baseball and basketball better than the boys. She has shoulders like the center of a Pro-football team, teeth like a 40 year old Pro-hockey player, and a voice like Ethel Merman.

ALFRED VAN VACHT, JR.

Alfred's always complaining. He doesn't like the counselors, the food, the air, or anything else about the camp. He keeps telling you about how great last year's camp was. At last year's camp he kept complaining and talking about how great LAST year's camp was!

PHILIP PUFFWIND

This guy's always talking about how different things were in camp when HE was a kid. To hear HIM tell it, there was no plumbing, no beds, and the kids slept in caves. *And the counselors were even dumber than him!*

HORACE HORRORS

Horace likes to tell kids ghost stories while they huddle around the camp-fire. He thinks they're shuddering because his stories are so frightening. *Actually, they're shuddering because HE is!*

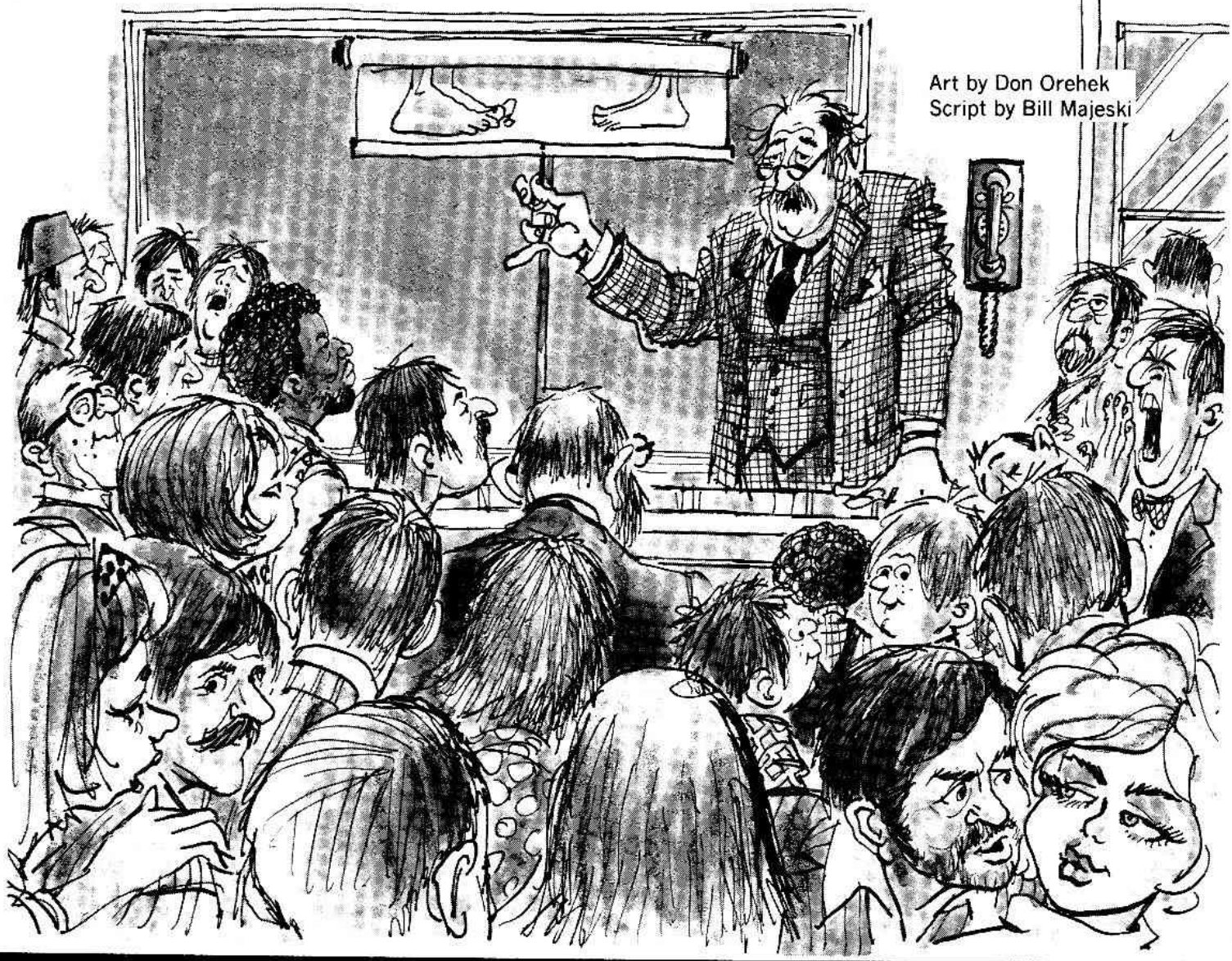
NEWS ITEM:
Dar es Salaam, Tanzania—A patrol of 500 young men and women has been established to enforce Tanzania's cultural revolution against "decadent western fashions," particularly miniskirts.

SICK CLASSROOM

SUBJECT:

Demographers predict world population will reach 4 billion by 1975.

For an interesting viewpoint on the growing population problem, Sick has the pleasure of presenting to you students, the world famed lecturer and demographer, Professor Lucius Demographer.



Art by Don Orehek
Script by Bill Majeski

Ladies, gentlemen, boys, girls. I think that includes everyone. If it doesn't that's your problem. But I'm here to talk about the population problem. And our population IS a problem. Especially those guys who breathe on you in a crowded subway.

Crowdedness is one of the biggest problems of over-population, but it is all relative. A boy and girl in a small sports car is a tight squeeze, but they don't complain. But if the girl's father climbs into the car with them, then you have a problem.

Sociologists are looking for ways to give people more breathing room. One suggestion is to have everybody in the world wear seersucker clothing. If they did, there would be room for 10 more people per square mile everywhere. You say people at the South Pole won't be comfortable in seersucker and I say we can't be expected to solve ALL their problems.

To a person in the South Pole, living conditions in Manhattan with 145 people per acre seem miserable. But to people in Manhattan they don't seem miserable—they ARE miserable.

Hopping to another part of the world, let's look at Java. Here there are 1,000 people per square mile. Needless to say they marry quite young in Java.

In the United States the Eastern Seaboard is the most crowded with 180 people per square mile. This includes New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Madame Desudor's Steam Room.

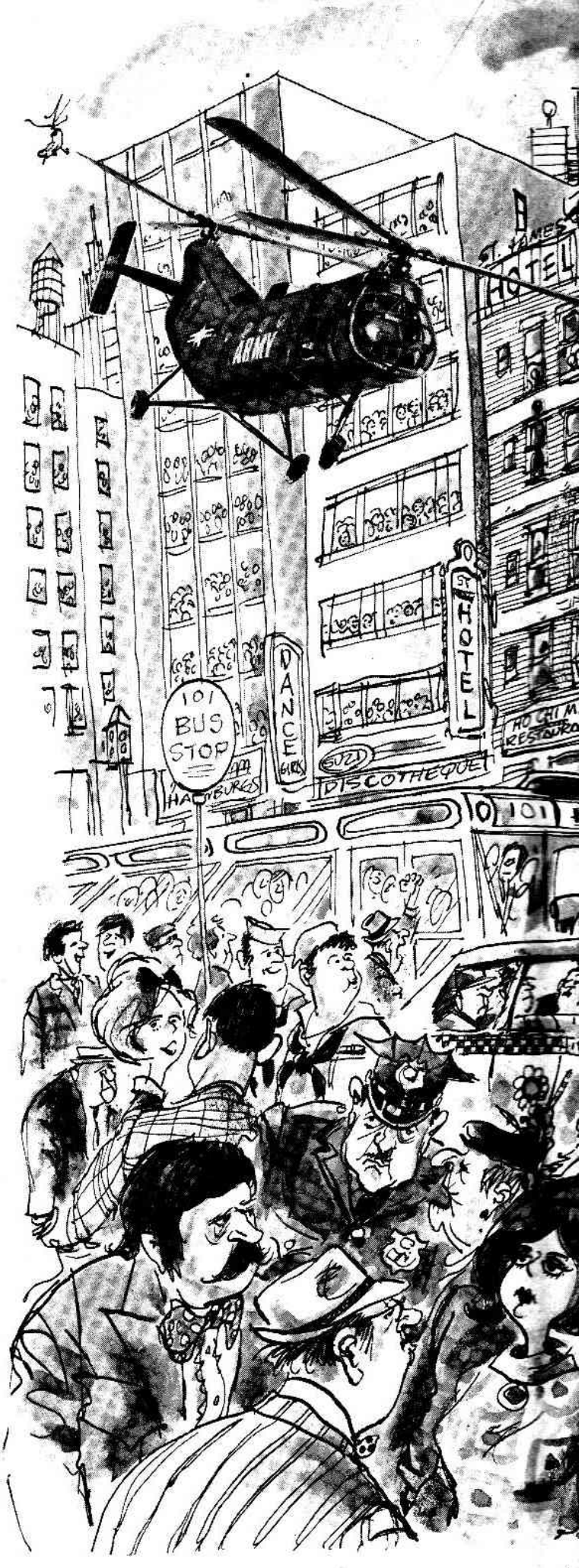
The world's birthrate, represented on this chart by the heart with the arrow through it, is at the root of the population explosion. I think we all agree on that. Costa Rica has the highest birthrate with 55.8 babies per 1,000 people. Authorities are now hard at work building recreation facilities and encouraging Mah Jongg tourneys.

Hollywood comes second to Costa Rica in the maternity sweepstakes with 3.5 children per marriage. This doesn't sound bad until you realize the average Hollywood citizen has 3.5 marriages. That's the real trouble.

But if you think people have too many offsprings, how about the amoeba. An amoeba, under proper circumstances, could produce enough offsprings to exceed the weight of the world. I can't tell you just what those circumstances are, but it includes soft lights and bolero music.

Now what about feeding the booming population? Scientists say we should synthesize something from coal, limestone and air. This is known as French toast and I can't recommend it too highly, if at all.

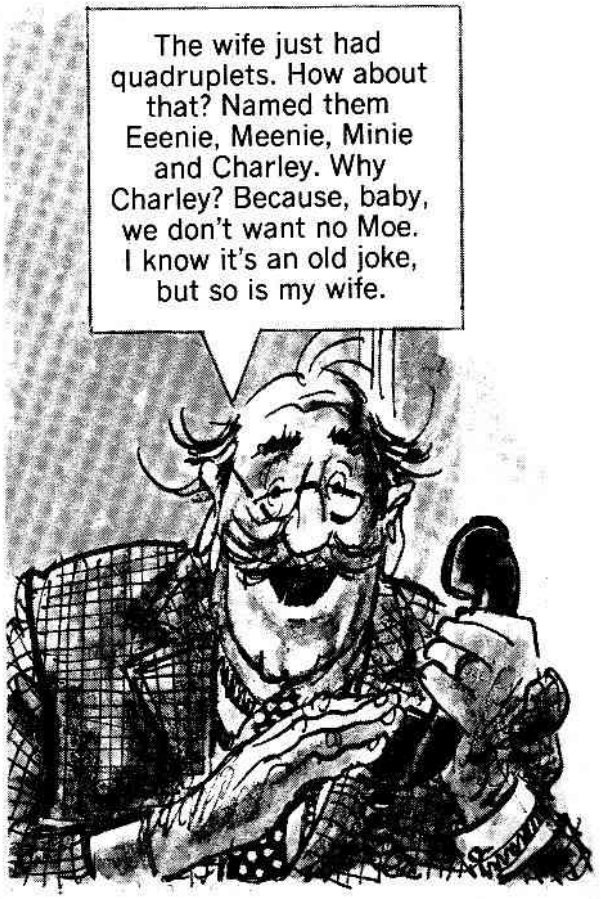
Getting back to America the birth rate has gone up to 30 per 1,000. That's a lot of babies. Let's be practical. Think of the countless man hours spent bringing this about, the time spent away from the machines. At $3.30 an hour, think of what that does to our economy. And is it any wonder we're having trouble staying ahead in the space race?



BUY THE BEST BUY
CUT-RATE DRUGS
HO CHI MIN RESTAURANT
DRUGS
TAXI
POLICE

R-RINNG

What? Great!


The wife just had quadruplets. How about that? Named them Eeenie, Meenie, Minie and Charley. Why Charley? Because, baby, we don't want no Moe. I know it's an old joke, but so is my wife.

The recent motion picture "WILD IN THE STREETS" came up with a startling observation. Namely, that it's conceivable this country could fall into the hands of adolescents. This is because if America lowered the voting age to 18, there would be more young people voting than old people, and so theoretically, they could vote them-

IF TEENS TOOK OVER

NEW LEADERS WOULD BE ELECTED BY A POPULAR VOTE

JOHN LENNON
as
President

MICHAEL J. POLLARD
as
Vice-President

JOAN BAEZ
as
Secretary of State

TINY TIM
as
Speaker of the House

NEW GOVERNMENT AGENCIES WOULD HAVE TO BE CREATED

C.I.A.
Chicks Intelligence Agency
which will tell all the cats
where the chicks are at.

F.B.I.
Far-out Bands Institute
which will clue in everybody
where the groups are blowing.

N.A.A.C.P.
National Association for the Advancement of Cool Pads
which will hip all on where
the crash pads are.

selves into power. Statistics show that over half the people in the United States are under 25, and the number may increase in the very near future. Thus, it's possible that we may soon witness a real teen revolution—one in which youth becomes the seat of power in America. Should this happen, here's how it might look...

THE COUNTRY

Script by Paul Laikin
Art by Jerry Grandenetti

The name "White House", would be changed to cool the black activists. It would feature rock groups, a pizza stand, psychedelic lighting and fifteen telephones in every room.

THE TWO-PARTY SYSTEM WOULD BE ABOLISHED AND INSTEAD THERE'D BE ONE BIG, WILD PARTY

FAMOUS AMERICAN LANDMARKS WOULD BE SLIGHTLY ALTERED

The Statue of Liberty

Mount Rushmore

COUSIN SAM WANTS YOU!

MAKE IT TODAY
in the
U.S. ARMY
It's a real groovy scene.
See your local recruiting cat today!

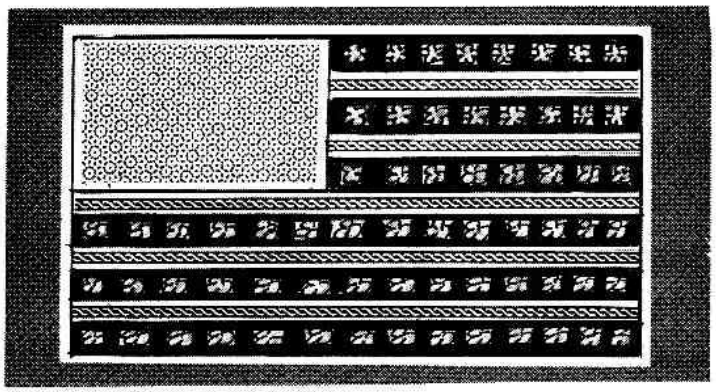
ENLISTMENT POSTERS
would be redesigned to appeal to younger groups.

NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAYS
would be celebrated instead of the old-fashioned ones.

OTHER STARTLING CHANGES PROPOSED BY TEEN LEADERS

THE OFFICIAL DIPLOMATIC LIMOUSINE
would be changed to a hot-rod.

The official government eagle
would be changed to a dove.



The official American flag
would also be in for a big change.

ARMY UNIFORMS WOULD BE DRASTICALLY REVISED

OLYMPIC GAME EVENTS WOULD BE REDESIGNED FOR TEENS

PIZZA EATING
to see who can eat the most pizzas—with both hands tied behind their backs.

REFRIGERATOR RAIDING
to see who can get the most food from a refrigerator with all the lights out.

JUKEBOX LISTENING
to see who can listen the longest to a jukebox —not to a record, to the sound of a jukebox.

TELEPHONE TALKING
to see who can talk the longest on a telephone—with nobody on the other end.

OTHER GIMMICKS WOULD SOON FLOOD THE NATION

PAPER CURRENCY would be more colorful and exciting

COINS would be restyled to make them more identifiable to the teenager.

POSTAGE STAMPS would be manufactured with tasty fruit flavors.

INSTEAD OF OLD FOLKS' HOMES, THERE'D BE YOUNG FOLKS' HOMES

NEW LABOR UNIONS WOULD BE ORGANIZED FOR TEENAGE WORKERS

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF BABYSITTERS Local 15

UNITED Shoe Shine Boys OF AMERICA Local 13

Independent Order of Delivery Boys Local 14

UNION OF AFFILIATED Counselors Local 17

National Association of Mothers' Helpers Local 16

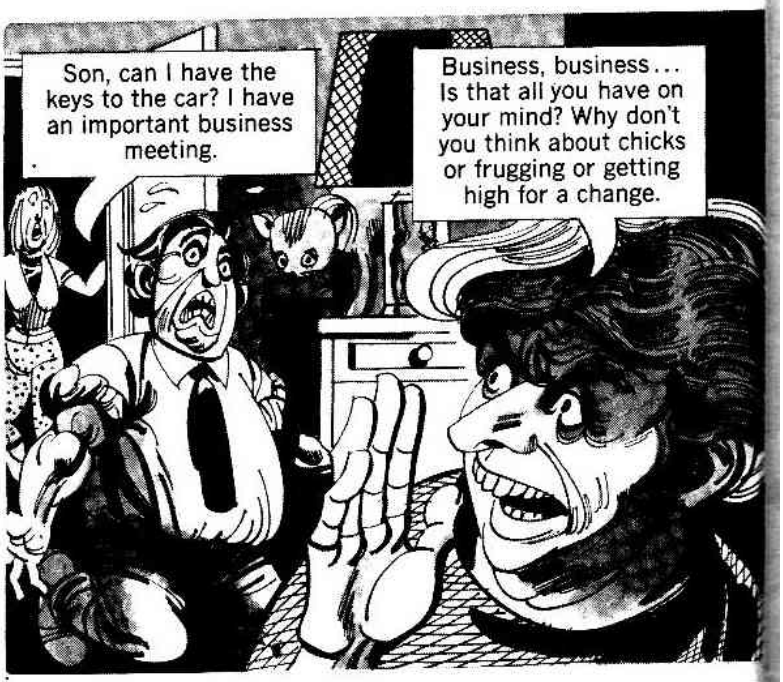
American Federation of DROPOUTS Local 19

THE OLD TEEN-PARENT RELATIONSHIP WOULD BE REVERSED

There'll be no television until you finish that homework you brought from the office!
But, son, can't I just watch Adult Bandstand?
CLICK!

Mother tells me you've been naughty today so I must punish you. You know what THAT means?
Oh, no! You're not going to take away my Lawrence Welk records!

Overdrawn on your allowance again, eh, Dad? What have you to say for yourself?
Please, son, just lend me five and I promise ... I'll get a job selling newspapers after work!


Son, can I have the keys to the car? I have an important business meeting.
Business, business... Is that all you have on your mind? Why don't you think about chicks or frugging or getting high for a change.

Two in the morning you come home. I told you to be back at 11 o'clock.
Nag, nag, nag! If you must know, father got fresh in the car and I had to walk home!

Sit down, dad, I want to talk to you about the birds and the bees.
Whew, is that all, son? For a minute I thought you wanted to talk about SEX!

THE WINDUP: TEENS WOULD NOW BE THE ESTABLISHMENT AND PEOPLE OVER THIRTY WOULD NATURALLY REBEL AGAINST THEM

THIS WILL LEAD TO A NEW REVOLUTION WITH OLD FOLKS OUSTING THE YOUNG

SOON EVERYTHING WOULD BE EXACTLY THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE

So kids, don't even bother... you'll only wind up back where you started!

In a previous issue, SICK made a number of startling predictions. NOT A SINGLE ONE OF THESE PREDICTIONS HAVE COME TRUE!! However, operating on the principle that if we make enough predictions we've got to be right SOME TIME, once again--

SICK PREDICTS

Red China will explode a firecracker under Mao Tse-Tung. Henceforth he will be known as North Mao Tse-Tung and South Mao Tse-Tung.

Plastic surgeons will be kept busy this year giving everyone Nixon nose-jobs.

Twiggy will be run over by a steam-roller, but no one will know the difference.

Castro Convertible will manufacture a car that folds up into a road map that can be kept in its own glove compartment.

After a 15 year study, costing $453,783,059, the U.S. Public Health Service will announce that frogs do not cause warts. They cause nosebleeds. Turtles cause warts.

Israel will merge with Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan. The new nation will be known as Israel.

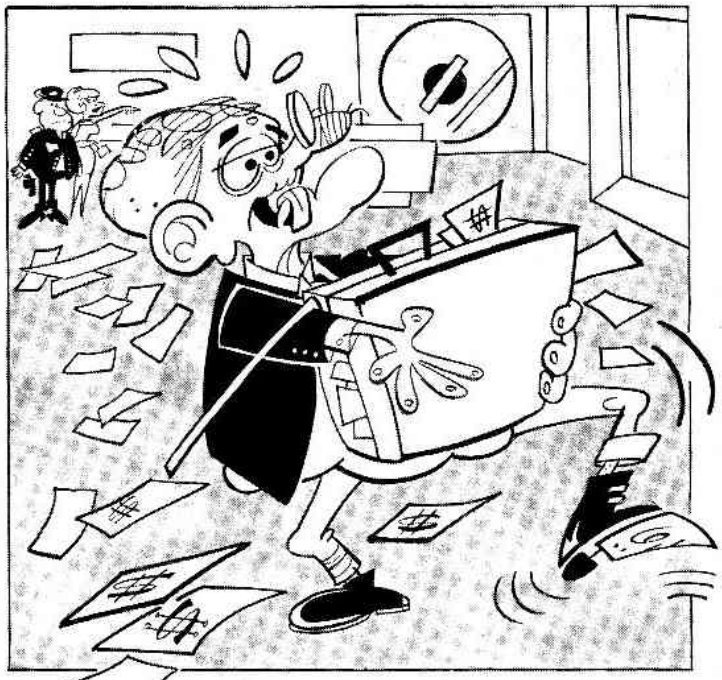
The Russians will take down the iron curtain and put up Venetian blinds.

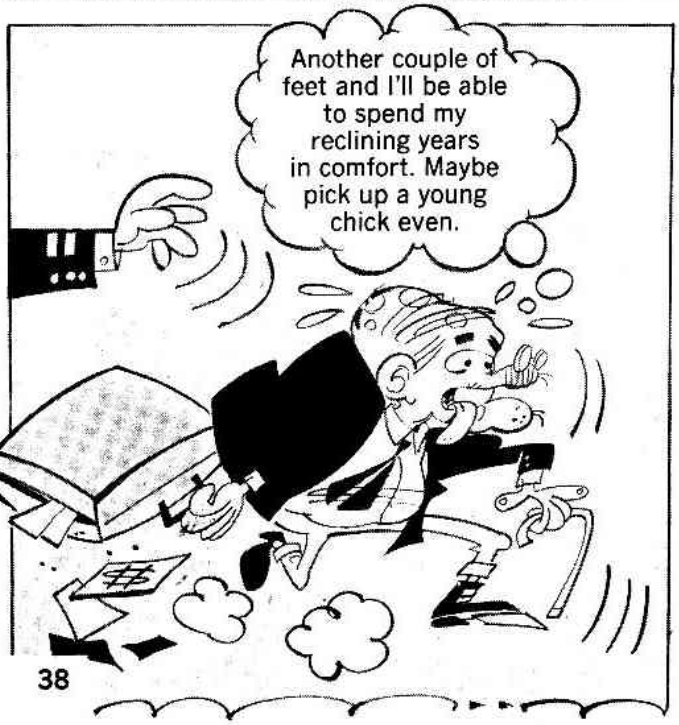
It will soon be disclosed that Sidney Poitier is not a Negro! (He is such a fine actor that no one ever knew).

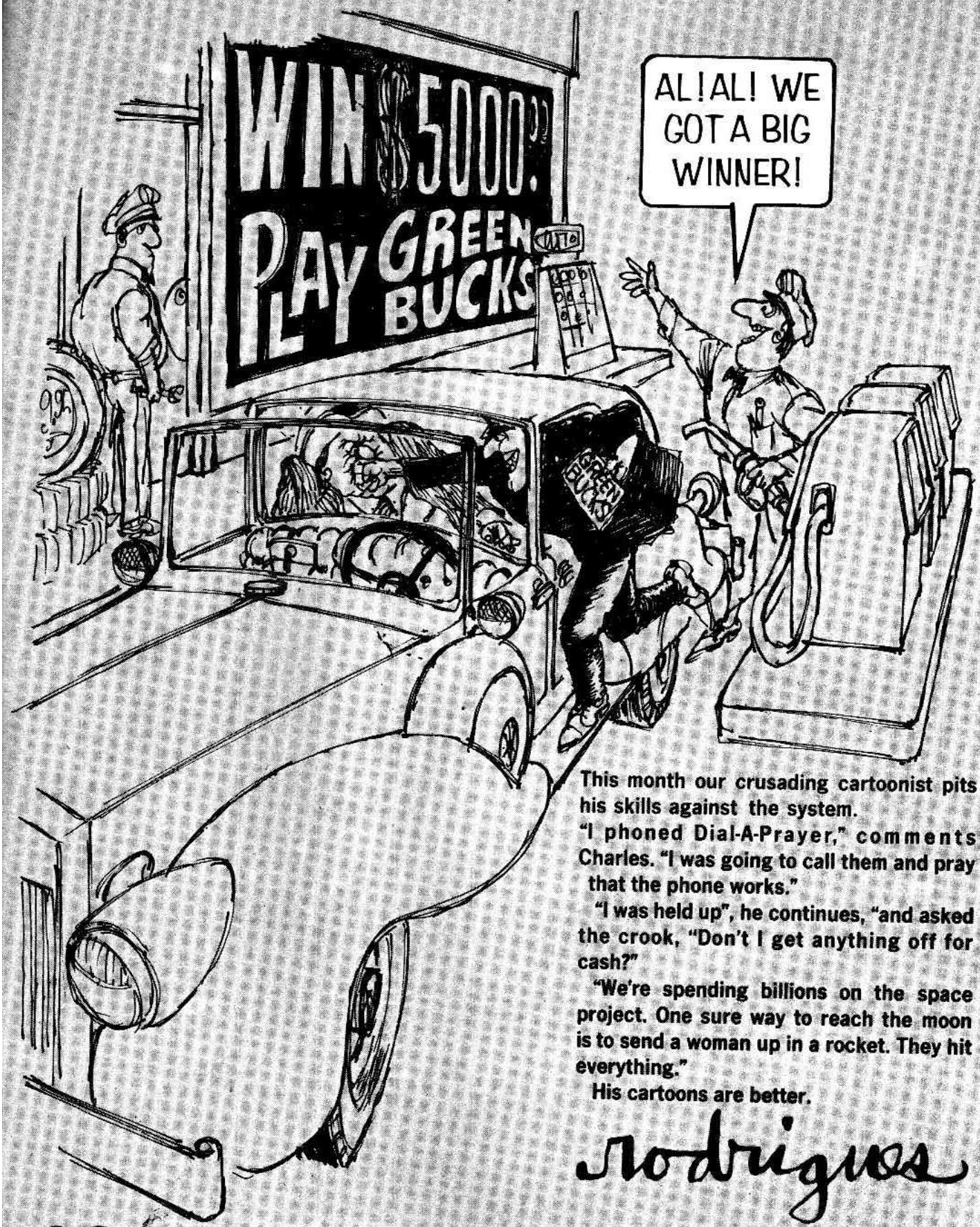
Everett Dirksen will make his debut with the Metropolitan Opera singing the title role of "Madame Butterfly."

Warren Beatty and Elizabeth Taylor will star in a new version of the movie "Warr and Piece."

NEWS ITEM:
Barstow, Texas—Bank is robbed by 80-year-old gunman.







This month our crusading cartoonist pits his skills against the system.

"I phoned Dial-A-Prayer," comments Charles. "I was going to call them and pray that the phone works."

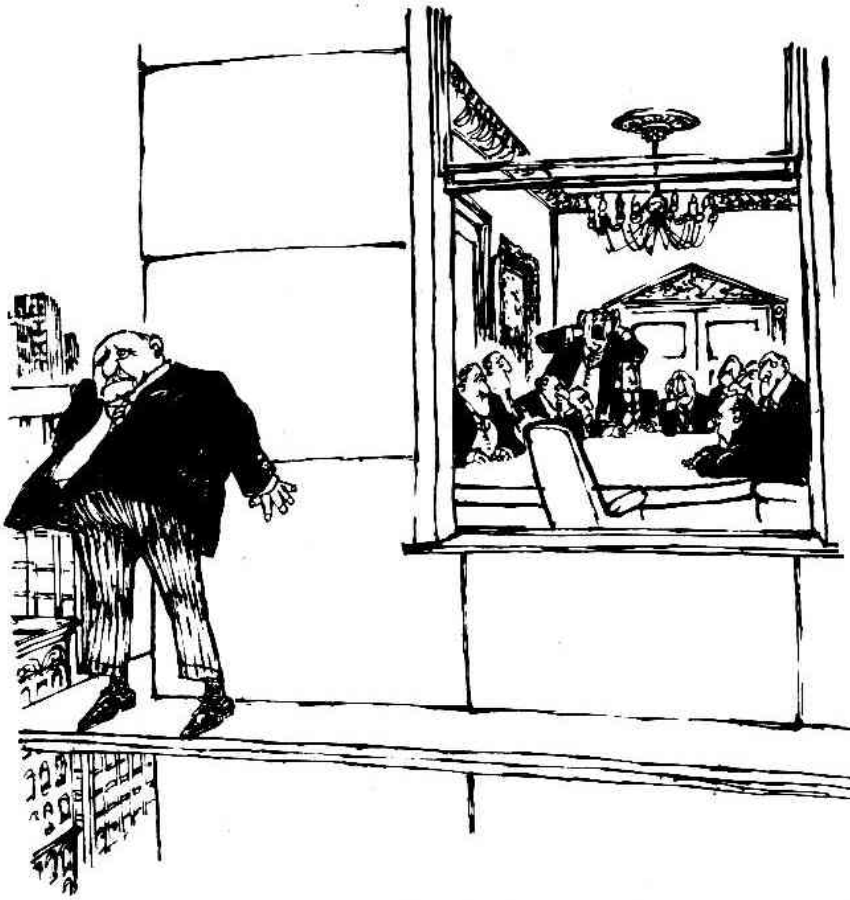
"I was held up", he continues, "and asked the crook, "Don't I get anything off for cash?"

"We're spending billions on the space project. One sure way to reach the moon is to send a woman up in a rocket. They hit everything."

His cartoons are better.

rodrigues

AGAINST THE ESTABLISHMENT

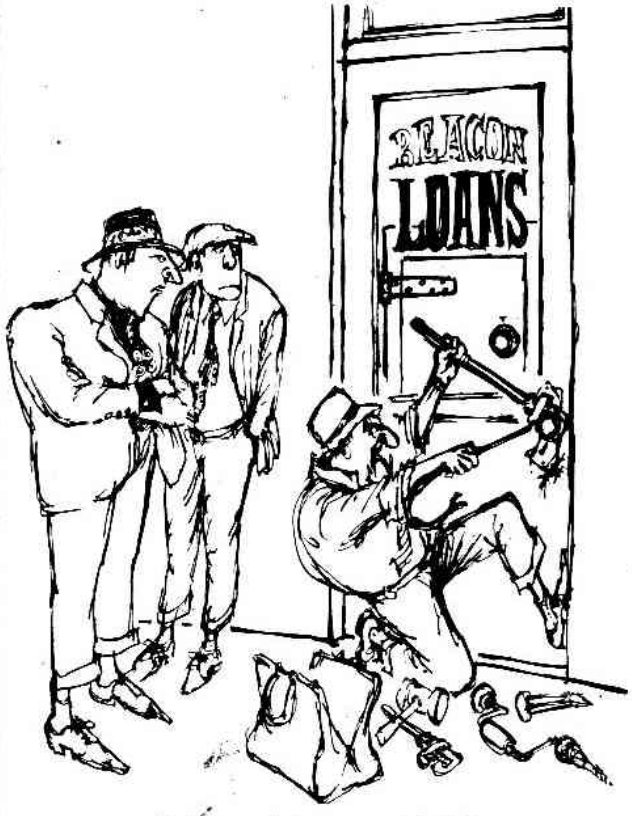


"J.B.!—Western Bank of Denver!
Did you try them?"

"Let's see... hawk, dove, hawk, dove, hawk..."

"Benefit indeed! If I ever hear you mention doing a benefit again, young man, I'll wash out your mouth with soap!"

"If you ask me, Mr. Heinzler, you should have done that years ago!"



"I thought you said this guy knew his business . . ."

"Hey, Nan, this must be a great neighborhood. Take a look at this vintage."

TV SELECTED PROGRAMS

CAPSULE TV REVIEW: "HERE COME THE BRIDES"

Currently playing our air waves is a new kind of t.v. show that actually claims to predict your future for you. No, it's not your draft-board, but an Englishman who came to our shores, when Her Majesty the Queen predicted he would soon be deported! Critics of this show have said: "It's fantastic, amazing, unbelievable—how people are taken in!" But, we'll let you be the judge, as...

MORRIS DANDRUFF PREDICTS FOR YOU!

(AND SICK PREDICTS FOR MORRIS DANDRUFF)

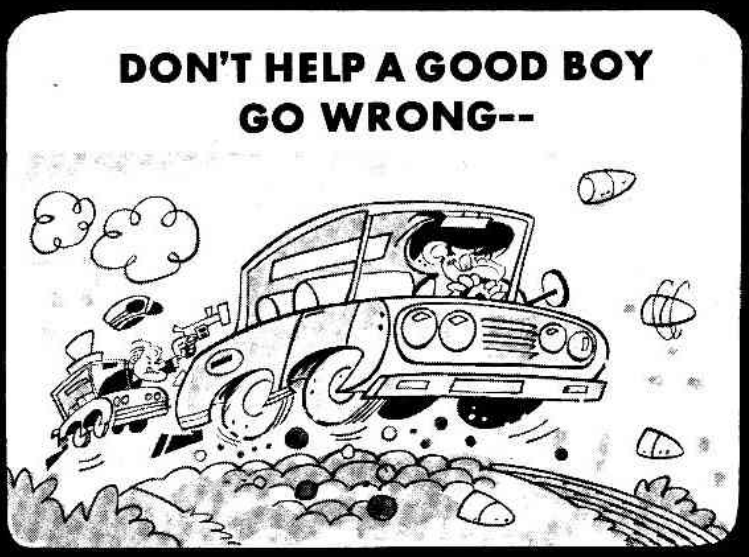
The show opens with questions from strangers in the audience.

Art by Jack Sparling
Script by Fred Wolfe

Mr. Dandruff, could you tell anything about me?
Yes, madam, but first I want to impress upon the audience that we two have never met or seen each other before. Is that correct?
Yes.
Right-oh! You are 63 years old, a housewife and mother, you have a hangnail on the second finger of your left hand, a small scar on the back of your knee-cap, your hobbies are cooking and sewing, and you're a member of 'Weight-Watchers.' Am I correct, madam?
Absolutely, Morris, and I'll tell your father as soon as I get home.
Thanks, mom. Next contestant.

Mr. Dandruff, I've got a lady in the audience.
This lady wants you to tell her about her past.
I really hate to do this, lady, but you asked for it. You've got a police record as long as my arm: streetwalking, fraud, arson, loitering and
indecent exposure. And you are a member of a very unsavory group. Am I right?
I guess you'll have to ask the pastor of our meeting house—I'm a Sunday School teacher there.
Will someone get that troublemaker out of here!
We now come to the part of our program when Mr. Dandruff makes his predictions about the life of a famous star. And here she is, a girl with a heck of a past and a dubious future, Lana Sexpot!
Sit down, my dear.
Not on the chair, on my lap.
That's a good girl. Now I'm getting the right vibrations. I can see that very soon in the future a man will take you to dinner, give you a line and lure you to a motel, where you will be ravished without mercy!

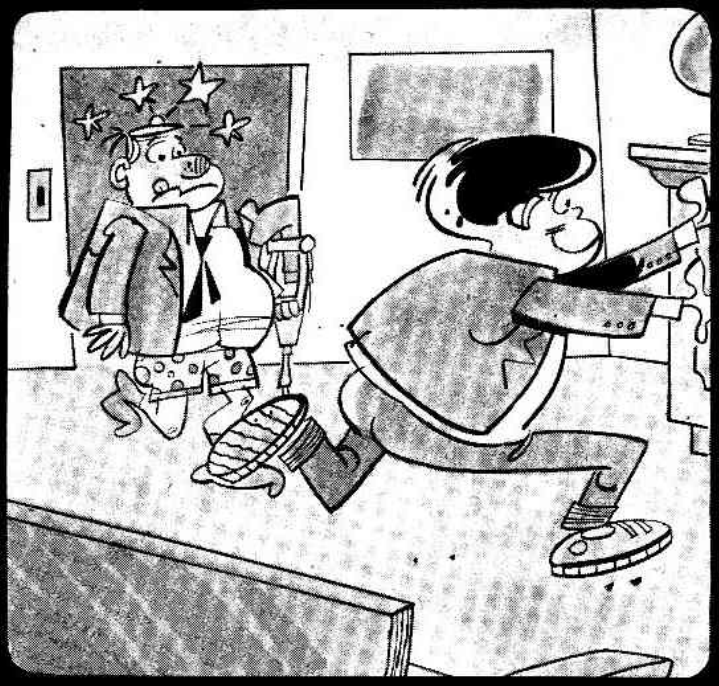
That's amazing, Mr. Dandruff! How do you know these things will happen?
Easy, we've got a date tonight! Okay, baby, wait in the car!
Our final guest, Mr. Dandruff, claims that he can beat you at your own game. Are you prepared to take him on?
I accept the challenge. Bring the poor fish in!
Dandruff, you're finished!
That remains to be seen. Let's hear your predictions!
I can see a falling in the future—of your ratings—followed by several ulcers on Madison Avenue—and finally followed by a dropped option. Dandruff, you're going off the air!
And you call yourself a seer?
No, I call myself Benton Bowles—your sponsor!

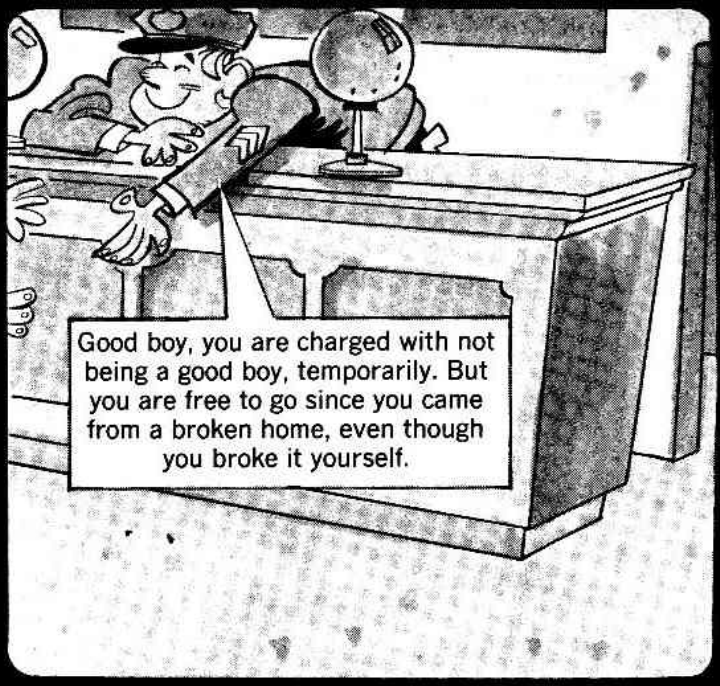


Lately television has been flooding the air with Public Service Announcements aimed at improving society. The most popular of these announcements is easily the one about

"DON'T HELP A GOOD BOY GO WRONG!"

Let's see what happens when a private citizen obeys the message...

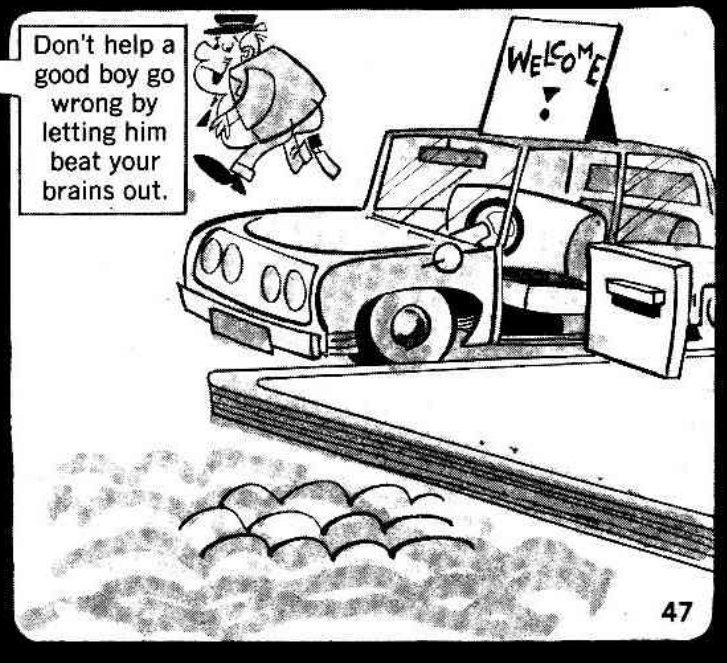



Good boy, you are charged with not being a good boy, temporarily. But you are free to go since you came from a broken home, even though you broke it yourself.

Can I have my pants?

Your pants are being sent to jail for 30 days, charged with contributing to the delinquency of a good boy.

And here is my public service announcement. Tonight when you drive home, leave your keys in your car. Let some youth take it.

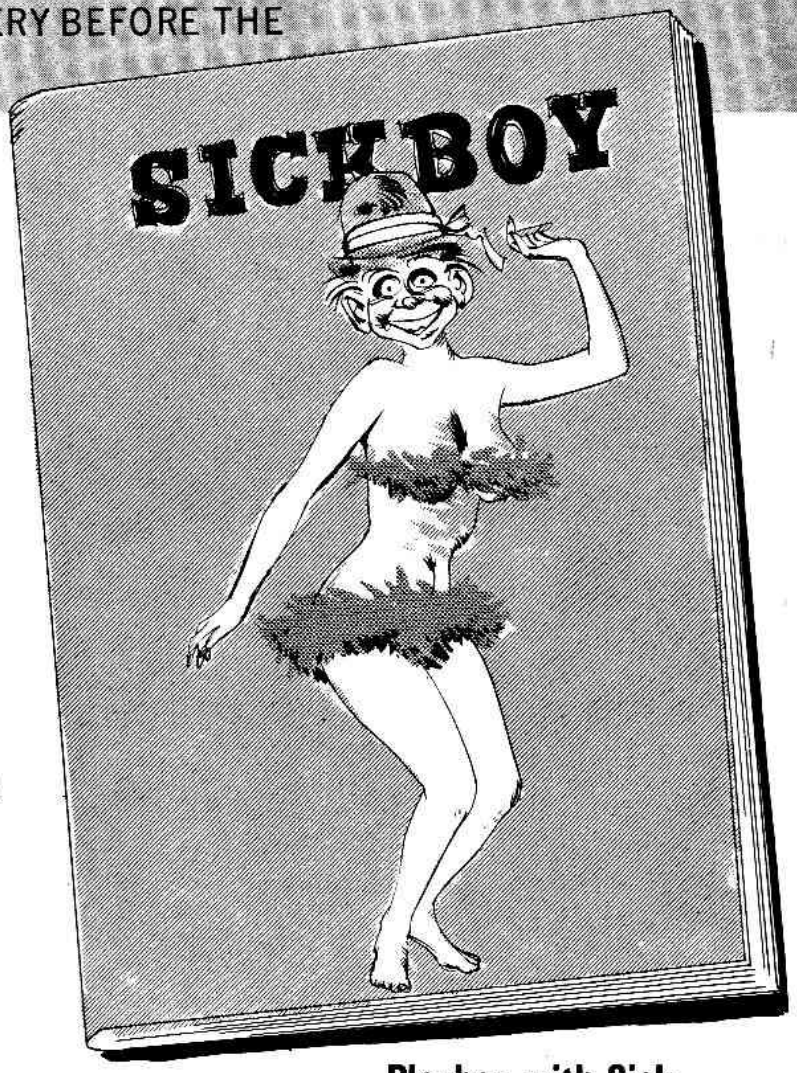

Don't help a good boy go wrong by letting him beat your brains out.
WELCOME

BUSINESS

BUSINESS FIRMS ARE MERGING SO FAST THESE DAYS, THEY HAVE TO ORDER NEW STATIONERY BEFORE THE INK IS DRY ON THE OLD...

BUT THE WORST IS YET TO COME...

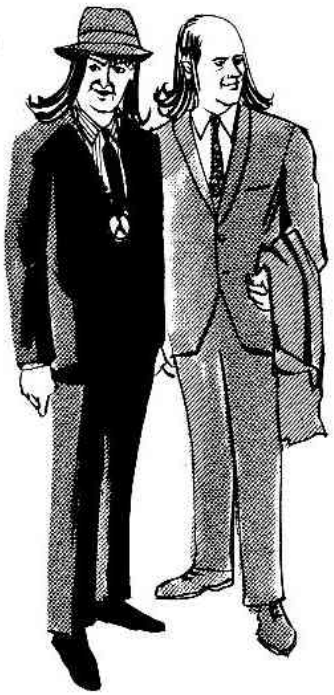
Watch for these MERGERS:



Playboy with Sick

N.Y. Daily News with
Wall Street Journal

Fidel Castro with Mao Tse-Tung



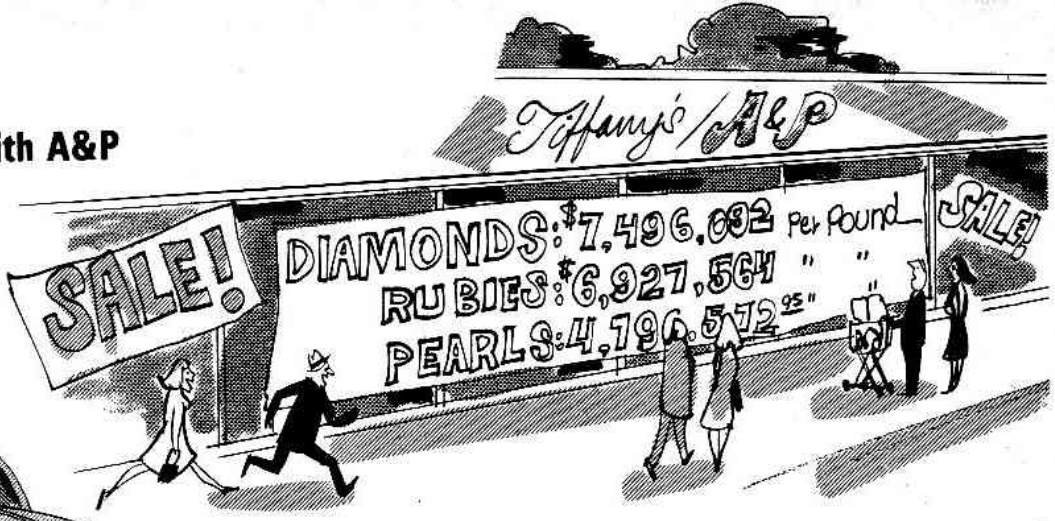
Hippies with Conservatives

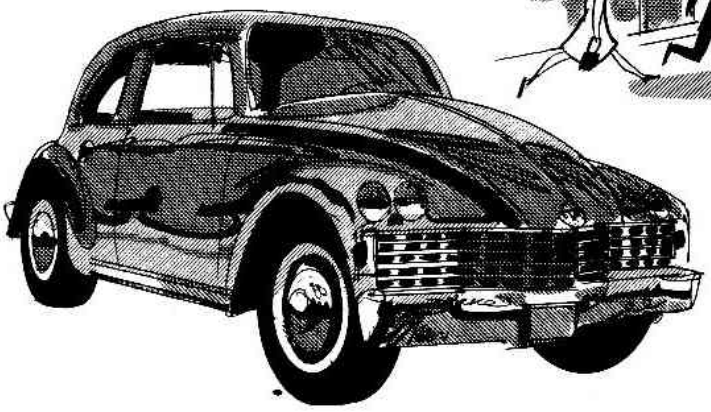
Sporting News with Ladies Home Companion

Arid with Rinso

The Beatles with the New York Mets

Tiffany's with A&P





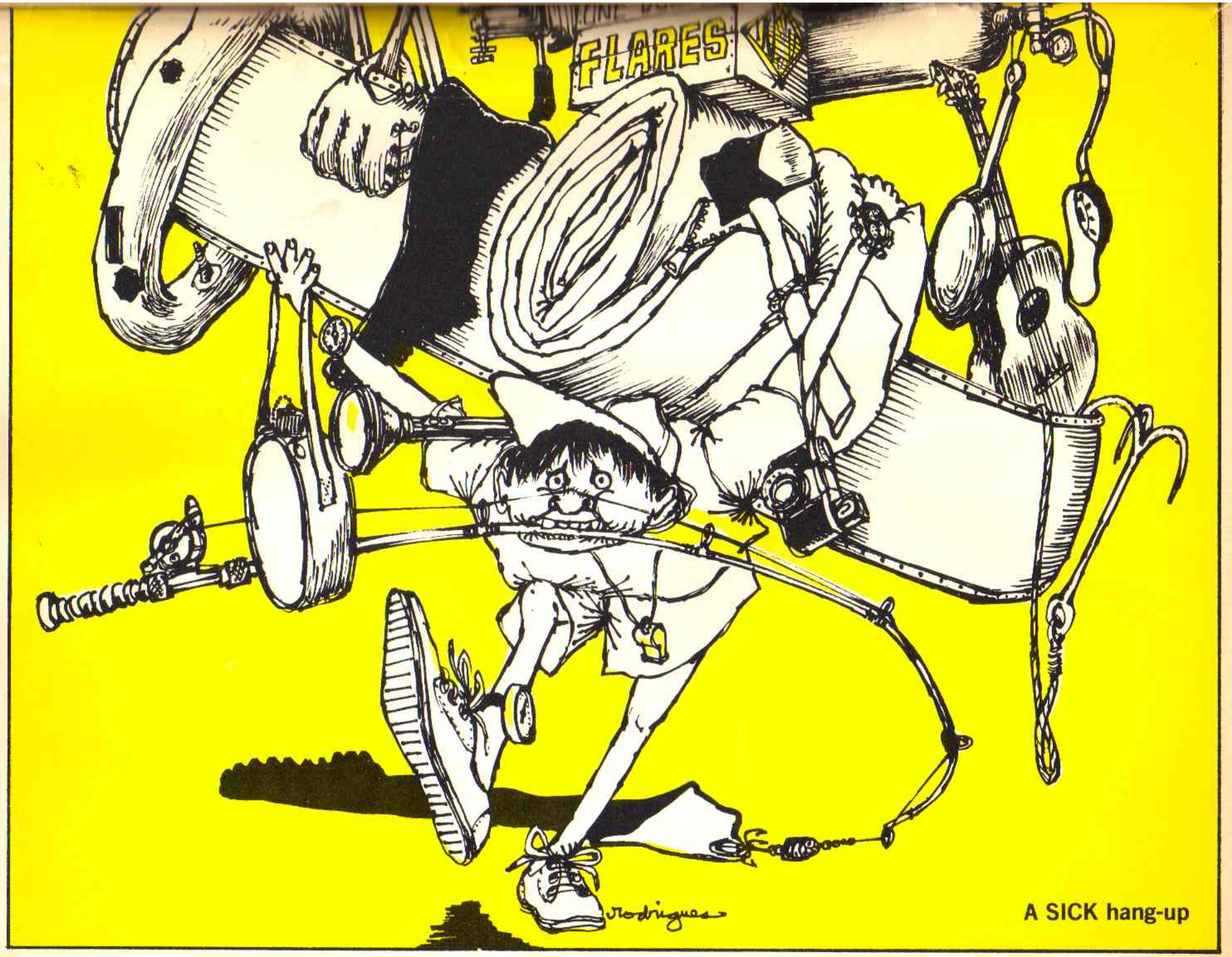
Cadillac with Volkswagen

HERTZ
(WE'RE SECOND & FIRST!)

Hertz with Avis

Democrats with Republicans

Black Power with White Power



A SICK hang-up

AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE

in taking out the garbage

whereas _____

has satisfactorily completed all the garbage courses at home and is hereby given the honorary degree of

Bachelor of Trash

UNITED WE STAND

DIVIDED WE SMELL

Signed, sealed, stacked and squashed by

_____

MOTHER

A SICK certificate

SPECIAL FOR MOTHERS: Since you're always making your kids help with the housework, we figure you should give them some kind of recognition. Like, maybe this award for distinguished service in an important household chore——